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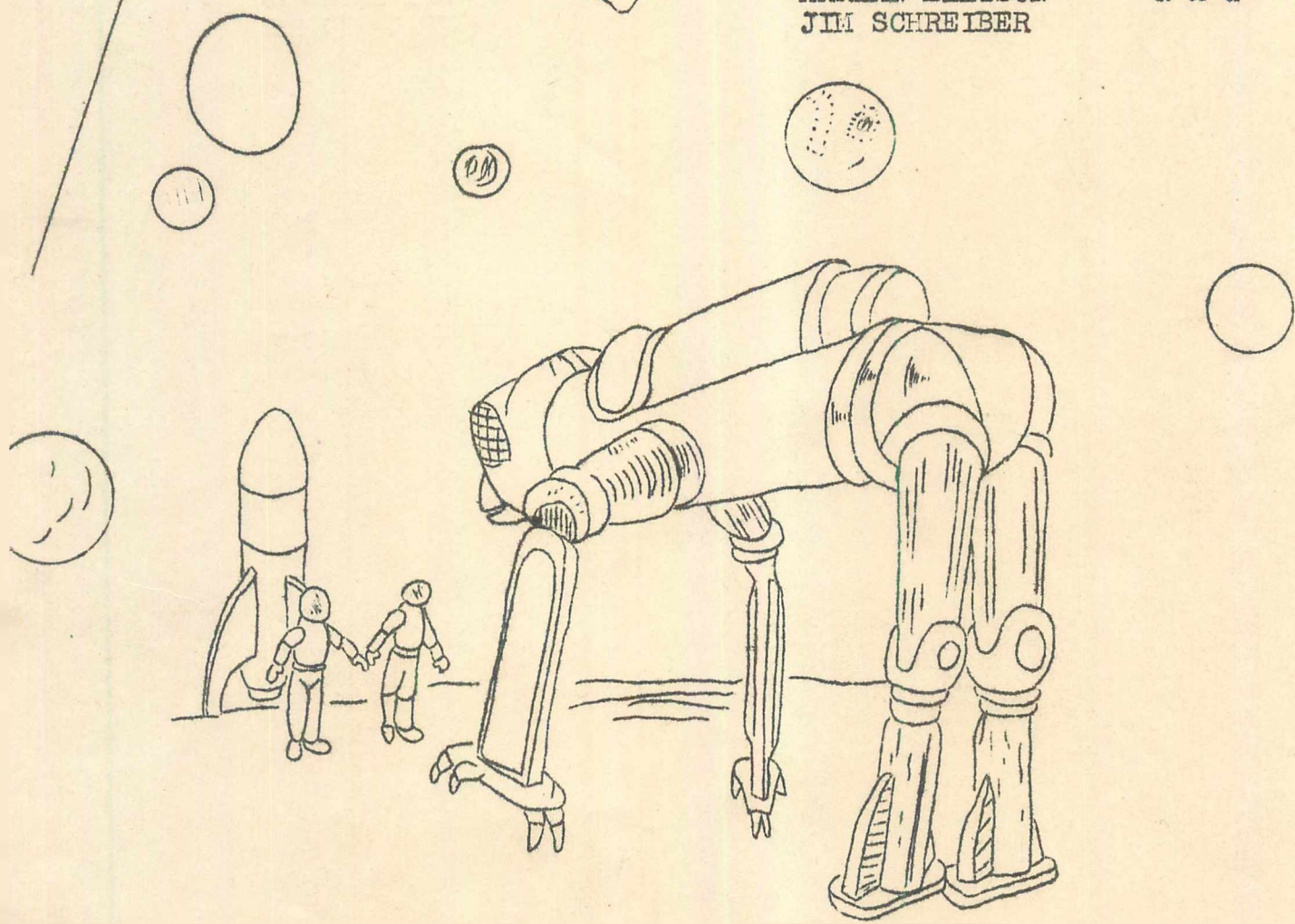
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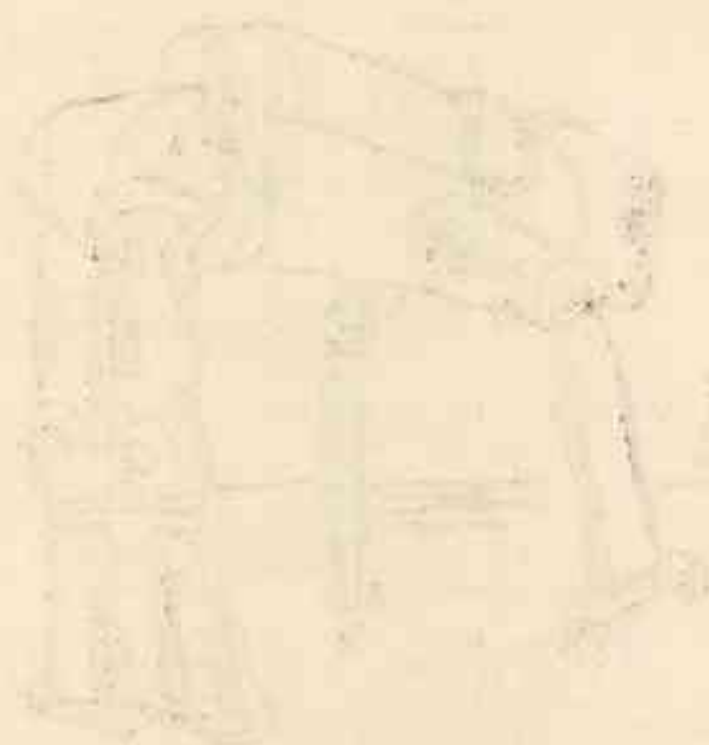
HARLAN ELLISON
JIM SCHREIBER

a n d



READ: LISTEN by JIM SCHREIBER
PLAGUE PLANET by HARLAN ELLISON
WHAT IS A BNF? by JIM SCHREIBER
NOT THAT AGAIN! by HARLAN ELLISON

HARVESS



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published on December 29, 1952
Limited Printing Edition
HARLAN ELLISON and JIM SCHREIBER:

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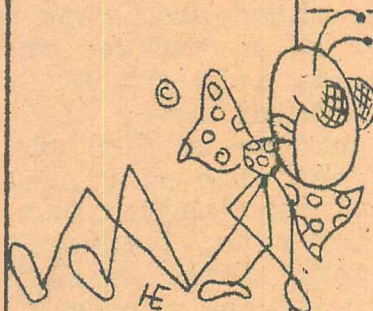
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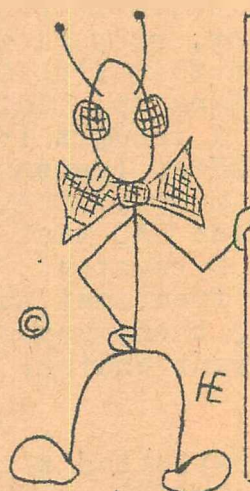


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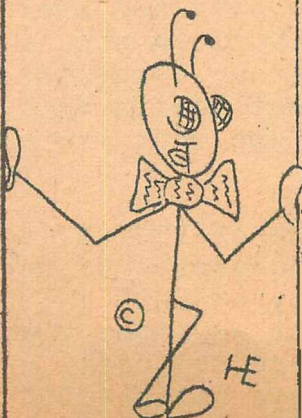


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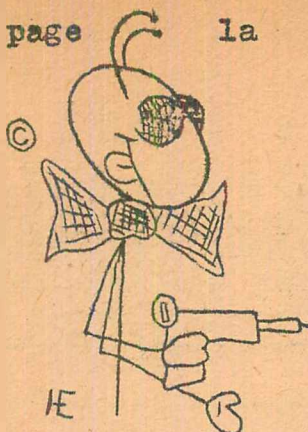
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I N F O R M A T I O N A L S

illustrations for VECTOR by Harlan Ellison
and Jack Harness specially for this issue.

VECTOR is a single issue amateur science fic-
tion publication published at 12701 Shake r
Blvd., Apartment #616, Cleveland 20, Ohio and
distributed free to all subscribers of SCIENCE
FANTASY BULLETIN or ETRON. All extra copies,
if desired, will be sold at 25¢. All money,
correspondence, or comments should be sent to
the above address. This is the only issue.



Harlan Ellison

E D I T O

Ha! There's that Schreiber sitting across the page glaring at me. But do I care? Certainly not, I'll go ahead and write my editorial anyhow. You know, this is something of an adventure for me. It's the first "one-shot" I ever issued. At least, it's the first one that I've ever co-edited. Really VECTOR is a labor of love. It came out of a visit-bull session-combined that was paid me by Jim Schreiber who lives not too far away from me on the far West side of Cleveland (and is still, by the way, sitting over there and staring) but who has never paid me a call in my stf-laden study. At any rate, I envegled James, by numerous and sundry ruses, to come on over. After spending the better portions of five hours reading s-f, watching a crummy TALE OF TOMORROW and generally just gassing off, we got the idea to issue what is known in the field as a one-shot 'zine. So, he said, here it is.

This is something a little different in one-shots in that both of the editors have contributed all the material (with the exception of the cover which was performed by Pittsburgh's Jack Harness) especially for this publication. I won't talk about Jim's selections as he'll do it himself no doubt on his side. Dammit Schreiber, stop glowering! The fiction piece I wrote, PLAGUE PLANET, is an idea that I've kicked around for a number of years without actually writing up. This magazine has given me an opportunity to do it up the way I thought it should be done. The idea is a simple one: the American Indian (remember him?), when the white man arrived, contracted measles, mumps, whooping cough, gout, scarlet fever and just about everything else BAD that the "Great White Father" would let loose of along with his firewater. That, along with lousy housing and rotten food and indecent treatment all combined to kill off the noble redman. In PLAGUE PLANET, then, you will find a like situation...except it has a somewhat different ending. Better or worse is up to you to decide.

On the other side of the ledger, in the non-fiction slot by yours truly, we find a leetle thing entitled NOT THAT AGAIN! which is something of a pet gripe with me. There are too many authors in the pro ranks to be repeating the same threadbare plots over and over again. I feel strongly that something should be done, new plots should be evolved. Though I'm not sharp enough to be thinking up concepts like THE DEMOLISHED MAN or NOISE LEVEL, I'm going to bleat vociferously at them there ideas which the pros keep using. You'll see what I mean if and/or when you read NOT THAT AGAIN!

There most likely will not be another issue of VECTOR, so if you are receiving this issue, it is because a) you subscribe or receive one of the magazines published by the editors (i.e., SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN or ETRON, b) you are a big enough fan to let us favor you, or c) somewhere along the line you displeased your personal diety or broke a mirror. In any event, extra copies (which there will be few of) will be sold henceforth at the sterling price of 25¢ per issue.....ha

Jim Schreier

page 1b

R I A L S



Ha! There's that Ellison sitting across the page glaring at me.

The above dual-quote is Harlan's idea, and I agreed to go along with the idea in order to prevent an argument. Had, isn't it? This thing sure is crowded. To me, writing a one-page editorial, or a one page anything, for that matter, is about like trying to build the Big Mo' in a coffin.

What I'm doing here, I don't know. Ellison and I are just about the extremes of "fanhood". Harlan has his whole room fairly well oozing with science fiction; he eats, he breathes, and lives with it every hour. His fanzine circulates monthly among 300 people, and he gets introduced as a "notable" at World S-F Conventions.

I occasionally read science-fiction.

What makes the entire thing even more ridiculous is what happened when I suggested that I use a pseudonym instead of my real name.

Ellison turned green and said, "No, I don't care to have an unknown fan doing a one-shot with me right now."

So, what am I?

VECTOR is composed of a magnitude of energy expended for a vague reason by Ellison and myself. VECTOR is in the direction of idiocy and insanity, which accounts for the lack of continuity of format. Ellison is using the "blast of trumpets!" style of presentation, as found in SEB; I'm sticking to the "tea and crumpets" style employed in ETRON.

Speaking of ETRON, it's no longer a fanzine-*ipso-facto*. With this third issue it is becoming the ETRO (whazzat?) official organ.

LISTEN will bore you. Don't bother to read it.

No one is less qualified to discuss the subject of BNF's; that's a good reason for me to do it. Let's change that stuffy old title from WHAT IS A BNF? to BNF BUFFOONERY...

Done.

What? Harlan Ellison doing an editorial that's almost serious?

Impossible! (Great! I cut the editorial to ribbons, and now the bottom of the stencil is nowhere in sight. I'll be blasted before I'll take to the aimless raving so many faneds do to fill space. Now all that I need is a topic...) Let's talk about something serious, like the propagation of micro waves on semi-radioactive mercury. Oops! Too late.jim

THE LAST MARTIAN
SPEAKS

PLAGUE PLANET

a short story by HARLAN ELLISON

I'm the last one. There are no more Martians here. We weren't always "Martians", this wasn't always "Mars". We had another name then. We lived on another world, it seems. Things are so different, so unreal, now. It was all so wonderful before...before they came. It was a world of rolling pink hills and fertile valleys. It had thin, ivory-walled cities that rose from the sides of the canals like white wraiths in the afternoon mists. It had laughing pink people, their so well regulated lives spent in calm endeavour, looking forward to the years ahead. We did not have space travel. We had no need for it. A happy and contented people feel no need for sojourning into realms too limitless to realize their potential.

We lived happily, dreamily if you will, in a world of complete joy that was from complete understanding of each other. We lived thus until...

It was in the four thousandth year of our Enlightenment. It was the beginning of a new decade, a new and more full era. We were in the midst of celebrating, the long streamers falling through the softly lighted byways of our cities, the people dancing and laughing, their luminous, red eyes glowing with reflected happiness. Then we heard it off somewhere above us. A throb. A deep, sonorous sound that somehow chilled us. For we knew that it was a spaceship even before it landed; there has been a good deal of talk about that but none of us "Martians" ever told them that we knew they had made it across the age old gulf of space to us.

It blossomed forth like some monstrous flower, a red glare in the night. Amid the blast of sound and light we saw a splinter of metal come hurtling down toward us. As the sound waves passed up and down a nerve-wracking sonic scale a note of what was to come was struck. For the more frail towers of our city began to tremble and shake and suddenly with a crash they fell into the streets, streets where debris had not lain for three thousand years. And then the rocket landed. It... it...was the first peal of doom, that landing.

They came out of the ship. As we have two arms, they had two arms. As we had two legs, they had two legs. As we were possessors of two eyes and a brain and an upright torso and opposed thumbs, so they too had these things. But they were subtly different. Five of them there were. They walked upright and greeted us in a phonetic tongue a linguist among us deciphered and translated in minutes.

"We have come as your friends." That is what their first words

were to us. "We have come as your friends." And the frighteningly funny thing about it was that they were our friends. They had been conditioned thoroughly; there would be no fighting, no war, no conquered people, no conquerors. They were our friends. But even if they were unaware of it, they harbored death for us all.

We took them into our homes. We made of them brothers and son and husband. For three months we went on thus. And then the "diseases" began. Limbs were contorted, eyes bulged out, faces assumed horrible expressions. And then the deaths. Left and right they dropped like flies. We never knew what happened.

Finally, one of our most learned scientists gathered that the Earthmen had brought with them different germs, unnatural to "Mars" that, in their alien-ness, brought about horrible sickness and most painful death.

After weeks, the plant life began to suffer. Our crops began to wither in their fields. the productivity of our planet began to fail. We were in desperation. And still the deaths.

Then it ceased.

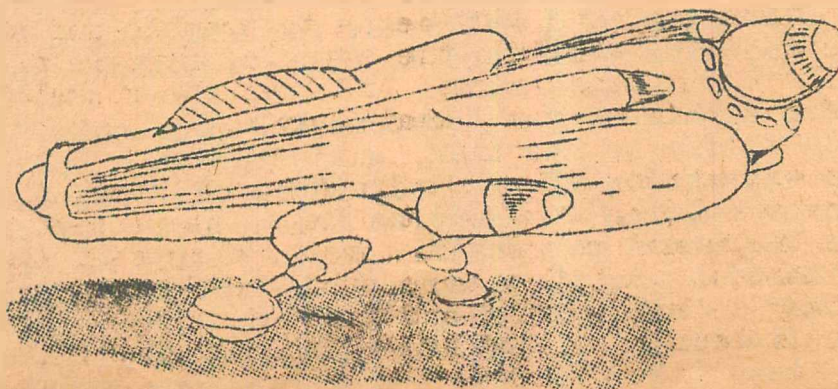
Yes, I'm the last "Martian" on "Mars". But not for the reason you might think. You see, all the "Earthmen" died shortly, and in desperation, to preserve our race, for our planet was dying...

They all went to Earth.

All but me. I'm the last Martian...on Mars, that is.

T H E E N D

illustration for VECTOR by
JACK HARNESS of Pittsburgh



BNF Buffoonery...an absolutely inconclusive discussion of a completely pointless topic.

If you expect to read here what a BNF really is, or how you can be one, you're in for a disappointment. It can't be done.

Sure, it's easy to see that BNF means "Big Name Fan", but at what point does a person become a BNF? No one can say, because no two people can completely agree.

According to one school of thought, a person is a BNF when he achieves a certain amount of "egoboo." I belong to this class, with one alteration. Change "amount of egoboo" to "degree of recognition." This change because it might be that someone gets his name plastered all over fandom, but isn't really a BNF.

There are only a few people who almost all would agree are "Big Names" of fandom. Among these I include Ackerman, Tucker, Hoffman; there are others, but the omissions are due to my own ignorance.

And there are Moskowitz, Sneary, Silverberg, Hickman, Fabun, Vick, and myriad others who may or may not be BNFs, depending on personal opinions.

Where do they come from? We all know the answer.

So let's take it from the standpoint of the inevitable new fan.

Upon entering fandom, the neofan at some time discovers that there is a golden cloud where float the mightiest of the mighty... the BNFs. Realizing this, the fan usually follows one of three main courses.

He may think, "Ugh! A bunch of high-hats who run the whole show. Not for me!" So he leaves fandom.

Or he may think, "Oh."

Or he may think, "Goshwowboyohboygollygeewhizbanghooohahman!" And proceed to extend his personality throughout fandom.

Forget about the first type.

The second type will probably go about his business quietly and do a decent job of fan work. Depending upon his quality of work, his environment, and his drive, he may or may not come into the ranks of "BNFdom". If he does, it is usually achieved without treading on anyone's toes.

The third is, by nature, an extrovert. Three main classes of extrovert make the plunge to be a BNF. They are these:

(1)The egotist: The nature of this class is so obvious that any comments would be wasted at this point.

(2)The gregarian: This person is, consciously or unconsciously driven by a feeling of loneliness; for him fandom, and a position of some importance in fandom, fill a hollow spot in his personality.

(3)To coin a phrase, the "compensated repressive": Some time in this person's life he has been subjected to a pressure that prevented the expression of his individual ego. (Such expression of ego is, in my opinion, essential to adequate development and adjustment of the human personality.) In fandom he finds the way to express himself as he pleases, and the release of all of his "compressed ego" is aimed at propelling him to the golden cloud.

Of these classes, the second is probably the least harmful. This general class likes people, and avoids hurting them in any way.

The third class is not harmful as a whole, but certain of its members release their repressed ego in such a way that they disregard other personalities. This can hurt fandom.

The first class is the one that can wreak havoc with the fen of all kinds. The egotist usually makes a habit of attempting to dominate other fans, either by his marvelous "wit", by formation of a clique, or any of the innumerable ways of being a beast.

So what? Just this.

"Big Name Fans" are not to be shrugged off lightly; one thing is certain. The "Names" have all worked hard to reach whatever positions they may have. They've spent huge amounts of money, tears, toil, and time in fandom, and deserve what recognition they do, at times, receive. That is, the true BNFs.

But just as important is that, as an individual, there is no one more influential in fandom than is the BNF. That is part of being a "Name."

What is a BNF?

A BNF is a person who, for some vague reason, likes science-fiction, spends almost every spare hour and dollar on it, writes scores of letters per week, slops around in mimeograph ink, crosses the continent to rub elbows with other folks who like science-fiction, and who, unknowingly, have a following of neofen who say, with far-away looks in their eyes, "I hope I can be like that."

.....Jim.....

NOT THAT AGAIN!

a short article voicing a gripe
by

HARLAN ELLISON

Remember this: "The mutants lurked silently behind the buildings, for they feared the wrath of an aroused humanity. With their telepath faculties (known as the Skrownge faculty) they plucked fresh mangoes from the cart of Tony the fruit peddler and prepared, re-nourished, to do battle with Homo Sapiens---on his way out."

Or: "Bat Birdbath came screaming down into the attitude of Bulbo-fagg, a tiny planetoid seven billion light bulbs from Saul. He cut out his heart...er...his super-hyper-drive for the landing...and at that point a tall, lame, spaceman stepped out of the tail assembly while in hyperspace and was crushed to a pulp, proton orange-squeezer in a tan hand; his other hand was orange with red dots."

And yet even: " 'How will your time machine work,' said lovely Druisilla Dreck to Professor Frnf, 'I want to go with you into the old times of our gu-lorious pu-planet!' The Professor told her how the id particles of the supra-menslatory-interdirectional-hypersensitively no nothing-rehabilitrator combined with the glop to make one force field that would send them into the carboniferous era to bring back samples, he reminded her, of the head of a man who would not be born for a week and three days. 'Oh,' said Druisilla."

There are a few samples of what irk the devil out of me. This is reputed to be the "Age of Science Fictional Maturity" or some such no-goodnick name. I seriously doubt the seriousness with which the reporters of such phrases are imbued. It seems too naive to believe that in this day and age of the moth-eaten alien invasion and the hunted et being tracked through hamlet and ophelia (er...pardon me) and town and the noxious recurrence of transplanted a)detectives, b)westerns, c)old love stories and d)baseball yarns to some unbelievable culture or orb a million years and/or miles from Podunk, that this could be that era.

I am just a little sick to my belly of the aliens who are going, by secret and ultra-scientific hook or crook to do something to Earth, Sol, and/or (again) its' inhabitants, but who, by their ultra-scientific ignorance, let one (mind you, one) Earthman know about their plans and he, equipped with nothing more than a roll of scotch tape and two reading copies of the latest Spillane monstrosity, foils them by either warping space and transplanting the entire alien galaxy or by knocking off the one alien agent who has not told the "old folks at home" where he was going, so Earth is saved.

I am sick to death of Our Hero going into the death-infested prison planet to get one man...and comes out as nood as goo with but one or two scratches on his left thigh. I am revolted at androids who are suddenly aware that they aren't humans. I regurgitate at tales which end, "...for you see (Ta-ra-ta-ta-ta!), I am blind!" I am thoroughly disgusted at a yarn which propounds the theory that time is the 4 dimensional extension of Earth. All these and the ones about robots, taking over the world, and a mamber of any proposed culture who, to discover the bad side of that culture is first ostracized. Oh, do the old hackneyed plots give me mental diarrhea!

I have read, in the past three months, seven, get that, seven s-f yarns that ended up with the hero being eaten by either a planet or by the aliens---for one reason or another. If I had my way, the author's would be the ones eaten!

I'm no genius like Bester or Jones, to put out stories like THE DEMOLISHED MAN or THE TOYMAKER. I'm no clever-headed scribe like Gunn with his BEYOND BEDLAM. But I am a reader who is sick to death of the story like Heinlein's PUPPET MASTERS (old hat alien invasion) which is saved and made terrific by the writing. Ghod prevent the field from a period of stagnation like unto the Gernsback crud era. If anything is to save s-f from remaining "pulp fiction", it must be a rebirth of the Campbell days when John W. was first scrapping the SCIENCE fiction for science FICTION.

So help me, if I read one more story about the fact that I'm property, I will go slowly batty and send a package with me inside to the author of same. Warning authors, if you don't want Ellison as a paper weight, to drive you slowly out of all your minds...get some new ideas and start writing them. Then sell 'em.

THE END (thank goodness!)



a short story about "something"

written specially for VECTOR by JIM SCHREIBER

I just wait here and listen.

Around me is the blackness, and the circles and the dots. The dots are white, and just stare out of the blackness. The circles are green and orange and white. There are only three of them. They move, But I just wait here and listen.

I hear only one thing. I hope I don't hear more.

I hear the silence.

I have not always been here. The tick tells me that I've been here a long time. Far back in time...I don't know when...I was out there. When I was out there I learned. Then there was the click. Then there was nothing.

But now I just wait here and listen.

The circles still move. The orange circle hisses, spits, and spews in the silence. The white one looks old and cold. Its wrinkled face grins at me as I wait.

I want to wait here forever.

I like to wait. While I wait and listen it is good. Nothing else is good. Anything else is bad. I like to wait.

Once, many ticks ago, there was something other than the silence. There was a tiny, gurgling sound. The white lights moved. The orange and white circles moved. The green circle turned under me.

But then it was gone, and the lights and circles stopped.

And there was the silence, and it was good.

The gurgle came again, and the lights and circles moved, and again it was gone.

It is bad.

I just wait here and listen.

There it is. The gurgling. The lights and circles move, and it is bad.

It isn't a gurgling, it's a hissing, a screaming, a roaring. A light is moving along the green circle, getting larger, brighter. It is the sound.

I hate it.

Now I understand. Now I remember what I have learned. I know what I must do. I must destroy the light, the noise.

I am from one of the white lights. I am here to destroy all lights and noises from the green circle. They are bad and I hate them. I must destroy them.

The light is big now, and the roaring blots out the silence. I must stop all things that come from the green circle. Nothing must pass me. I must destroy it.

It is not a light. It is a...shape. It is not like a light and not a circle. It is like something I learned to know, and to hate.

It is near now.

I hate it and must destroy it. Now. I hear a soft hiss, and see a thin, blue line. It touches the shape. The shape is gone.

But there will be more. Now I remember everything. I must wait and listen for more shapes from the green circle. When they come I will destroy them with my blue line.

I won't have to wait long. There will soon be more shapes. I will destroy them all. The white lights are safe. I will protect them.

I know that the shapes are bad, and the white lights are good.

While I wait and listen the white lights are safe.

Man will never leave Earth.

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